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THE LAKE-DWELLERS OF OLD.

IN the winter of 1853-4, the surface of the water of Lake Zurich was lowered to a remarkable extent, and the large space left uncovered suggested to the owners of the land on the borders of the lake the desirability of building a dam, to prevent the return of the waters over their newly acquired territory. While the labourers were carrying on this work, it came to the knowledge of Mr Keller of Zurich that they had turned up a quantity of pieces of charcoal, stones blackened by fire, utensils, bones, and piles. He examined these relics, and came to the conclusion that it was the site of an ancient village. The publication of this opinion attracted great attention everywhere, and especially in Switzerland, where several persons entered upon the subject with enthusiasm, dragged several lakes, and were rewarded for their exertions by numerous important discoveries of the highest interest. These researches were extended to the Italian lakes and others, and were always attended by fresh discoveries. In Switzerland alone, not less than a hundred and fifty villages have been found, and this number is being constantly increased. An immense number of objects have been fished out of the mud at the bottom of these lakes, by means of which it is not difficult to write a sketch of the manners, degree of civilisation, and so forth of a people who lived and flourished on this earth of ours at least two thousand years before the Christian era. It will be evident that our space will not admit of our going into details in support of our statements; let it suffice, then, to say, once for all, that they are founded on facts, and the opinions of those who are best qualified to decide on archaeological questions.

More than four thousand years ago—that is to say, shortly after the failure of the attempt to build the Tower of Babel—the lakes of Italy, Savoy, and Switzerland were studded with groups of habitations. On Lake Zurich, about twoscore yards from its margin, was one of the most extensive of these groups. Some of these buildings were of circular form, others rectangular; the shape, in fact, depending on the taste of the builder. The walls were of stones, probably cemented together with mortar of some kind, and the insides lined with clay; the roofs were thatched with reeds, twigs, and strips of bark. All of them stood on piles firmly driven into the bed

of the lake, and communication between them was by means of planks, which connected them with each other. To enable the inhabitants to reach the shore, there was a bridge, formed of trees, split in half, resting on piles. Extending along the shore in front of this landing-place were large orchards, containing apple, pear, and plum trees. Fields of wheat and barley waved in the morning breeze, and the rays of the rising sun travelled down the glittering beds of crystallised snow which covered the tops of the mountains, and lighted the summits of the huge pine and chestnut trees, creeping lower and lower, till it fell in broad bands across the cornfields and the orchards, and clothed the surface of the lake in a robe of silver.

Directly this occurred, men, wearing the skins of oxen, fashioned in the manner of a tunic, came out on the platform in front of their dwellings, unfastened the strip of leather which secured their boats, made of the hollow trunk of a huge chestnut-tree, and paddled away towards the centre of the lake. Here they laid the paddles beside them, took up a line to which a hook was attached, made of a fish's bone, and having carefully baited this, threw it overboard, and patiently waited for the fish which was to contribute to their own breakfast and that of their families. While these were paddling away in their canoes, others, both men and women, were crossing the bridge to the shore, the women carrying pans made of burned clay for the purpose of holding the milk, and the men to work in their fields, or hunt the wild bulls and the deer, the bear and the bison, which abounded in the splendid forests, or follow the chamois in the more inaccessible fastnesses of the mountains. All these men were of rather small stature, and were armed with an axe made of stone, a bow, and arrows formed of reeds tipped with flint heads.*

In a somewhat larger building, at one end of this community of dwellers on the lakes, or Lacustrines as they are termed, the manufacture of these stone axes and arrow-heads was carried on, and a very flourishing trade it was, seeing that they had no other implement

* To this day, precisely similar axes form the principal implement for warlike and other purposes possessed by the inhabitants of certain islands among the Solomon group, who likewise use arrows of the same kind; moreover, the huts in which they dwell are shaped like the majority of those built by the Lacustrines.

than these, assisted by fire, in cutting down the huge trees out of which they fashioned their canoes, the piles on which their dwellings rested, and the planks they used; for the wedges used in splitting the trunks of trees were the same axes somewhat enlarged. Another building was a pottery, where pans, colanders (supposed to have been used in the making of a kind of cheese), and other utensils were modelled of clay, and afterwards baked in a fire. There was abundant life and animation among this community as the day advanced. A light-blue cloud collected over the huts, women and the elder girls were busy at their doors rubbing the grains of wheat or barley between two stones, and making their not very easy task a source of pleasure by gossiping and laughing with their neighbours. The bigger boys were employed in driving the cattle to graze beyond the boundary which protected them during the night from the attacks of bears; while the lesser ones, who were not old enough to be intrusted with tasks, perched themselves on the bridge, and angled for fish, or took headers into the lake from it, and amused themselves by swimming about, or by chasing each other with shouts and laughter among the fruit-trees.

A group of men came sometimes slowly through the wood. The skins worn by them were dirty and torn, and they staggered wearily along beneath the weight of the bundles slung at their backs. Two or three hunters who had seen them in the woods escorted them, and listened eagerly to what the wayfarers chose to tell them, which was not much, for they were weary as well as unwilling to have the interest of the narrative of their travels diminished by premature disclosures to one or two individuals; they preferred to relate them to the assembled community. These men had travelled far, even to the shores of the Mediterranean, and had brought back from the people who dwell on that coast coral and amber, and probably other things which Time has destroyed ages and ages since. We cannot tell what their country could have produced with which they could have purchased these things, and it is likely that the equivalent they gave were captives taken in war, those living articles of barter which the stronger have taken from among the weaker in all ages. We may almost assert that this was so as positively as though we had seen it. That the curse of war existed among them, we know, and that they practised certain ingenuities in waging it, we know also. It is only reasonable to suppose that one of the principal reasons which induced them to make their dwellings on the lakes was the desire to protect themselves from sudden attacks by hostile communities. No community at all considerable had anything to fear from invasion by means of canoes, not because these were few, since for a temporary purpose they had the skin of the urus, which they could convert into a boat by using it as a covering to a framework made of twigs, but because the height of the dwellings above the water gave the inhabitants such overwhelming advantages. Neither was it possible for an enemy to make an attack by way of the bridge, except under circumstances which must have caused them great loss of life, and ended in their almost inevitable defeat. This induced them to invent balls made of clay, with a hole perforated through the centre. An attacking party, if they were not met by the warriors of the community before they reached the bridge, lighted fires, heated these balls red-hot, thrust a green stick, torn from the nearest pine-tree, firmly into the hole, and launched it immediately in the direction of the huts. If this ancient species of red-hot shot fell on a roof, and was prevented from rolling off by any projection, the inflammable materials of which the roof was composed speedily took fire, and the majority of the wretched inhabitants had no means of escape from death by burning but by crossing the bridge, and surrendering themselves to the invaders.

With the exception of risks of this kind, which the community of Lake Zurich had to encounter in common with other Lacustrines, they led a happy life. Want was unknown among them. They had cattle, fruits, and grain, and the lake supplied them with fish. Thus, generation succeeded to generation for ages and ages, as the heaps of worn-out axes beneath their dwellings testify; and when the time came for them to depart, the survivors placed them with their arms by their sides, and their knees close under their chins, and heaped earth upon them till the mound in which they were buried was sometimes thirty or forty yards in height.

At last the time came when these communities were invaded by an enemy, who may have been of kindred race, but who had obtained weapons against which the stone axes were of little avail. The fashion of them was the same, they were still axes, but instead of being formed of stone, they were moulded in bronze. This commenced what is termed the bronze age.

These invaders, who made so evil a use of their discovery of metals, attacked community after community, burned their dwellings, and either killed or made captive the inhabitants. Charred fragments of their bread, and a large quantity of carbonised barley and other grain, have been dug out from beneath the alluvial deposits where they have lain for so many centuries.

From the date of this invasion, which is supposed to have taken place about the time when the Egyptians were besieging Nineveh and Babylon, there is a marked superiority in the articles manufactured, arising from the advantages conferred by the possession of metal implements. This is especially the case as regards weapons. The conquerors of the stone men retained the hatchet, but added to it the sword, with which they seem to have decided their combats, as projectile weapons are seldom discovered among the relics left by the men of the bronze period, which consist of needles, pins, knives, reaping-hooks, fish-hooks, and other things. The fragments of articles of earthenware which have been discovered differ but slightly from those found among the remains of the stone period, as regards substance, but in form there is considerably greater variety. These Lacustrines of the age of bronze, after destroying the habitations of their predecessors, built others of a like fashion for themselves, the piles on which they rested being in many cases still visible below the surface of the waters of the lakes, rising from the beds to a height of from two to six feet, whereas the piles which supported the huts of the people of the stone period are eaten away by the waters to a level with its bed. Their religious customs, if they really had any—which is assumed by some authorities to have been the case—were probably the same as those of the people they conquered, their mode of burial being identical, except that less attention was paid to the position of the bodies of the dead. They, too, followed agriculture, and bred cattle, the bones of which are naturally much more numerous among the remains left by them, than among those left by the Lacustrines of the preceding period, and this is notably the case with respect to the bones of horses.

Century followed century, and these people still held possession of their territories; but the day came when they, too, were compelled to yield to a foreign invader, who fabricated his weapons of iron, and wielded them with a stronger arm. Spreading over the country which lies between the Alps and the Jura, these invaders destroyed every community with which they came in contact. The position of the dwellings of the Lacustrines rendering them almost impregnable, the invaders had recourse to the element usually employed against them with effect, namely, fire. Piece by piece, the flaming beams fell apart, and dropped to the bottom of the lake, and with these the

contents of the huts, factories, and storehouses, where they have lain until now. Thus passed away the men of the bronze period, and thenceforward the lakes were left silent and solitary, except when the fisherman visited them in the pursuit of his occupation.

That the invaders on this occasion were of Gaulish origin is proved by a variety of circumstances; such as the fashion of their arms and ornaments, the names of the villages they founded, and their practice of burning their dead. The period when the invasion took place is supposed to have been about 500 B. C.

In some respects, the new occupiers of the land were superior to the old. Their ornaments were infinitely superior in variety and workmanship; they manufactured glass and enamel, and many other things, which prove their intellectual superiority to their predecessors to have been as decided as their physical superiority. It is impossible to maintain for a moment that these Helvetians were not a totally distinct people from the Lacustrines of the stone and bronze periods. The men of these two periods were small-limbed, as is evident from the size of their armlets and the handles of their weapons; whereas their Celtic conquerors were considerably larger, as is shown by evidence of the same kind found on one of their battle-fields near Berne. But the most decided proof of this difference between them is furnished by their mode of disposing of their dead, and their brutal custom of sacrificing animals and human beings on those occasions. In one of the tumuli of this period which has been opened were found four clay vases containing ashes, undoubtedly of human beings, and above them the charred remains of the bones of animals. On these fragments, stones had been heaped; and on these stones lay the skeletons of four young women, not arranged in order, but in such a position as shewed they had been thrown there, and that large stones had then been dashed upon them with such force that some of the ornaments they had on their persons had been broken to bits and scattered among the stones. Similar discoveries have been made in other tumuli.

Various conjectures have been hazarded respecting the quarter of the globe whence the Lacustrines came originally, but no evidence has yet been discovered which gives anything like certainty to either theory. Still, we cannot close this paper without pointing out certain resemblances which exist between the Lacustrines of the stone and bronze periods and the present inhabitants of the Solomon Isles. The inhabitants of some of the latter are agile and well-shaped, but small-limbed, and rather low in stature. Their principal implement, whether of warfare or for domestic purposes, is a stone axe, small like those of the Lacustrines. Their chief ornament is in the shape of a crescent, and so it was among the latter people. This, however, we do not lay much stress on, because the same pattern was visible to all peoples in all ages. The peculiar attitude of some of the buried skeletons of the Lacustrines which have been found—that is to say, with the knees close under the chin—is identical with what we should find if we opened some of the graves of the islanders; only in the latter case we should know that the skeletons of these people were the skeletons of aged persons who had descended alive into the grave and the earth had been heaped over them, which we cannot know to have been the case with the Lacustrines, but which may have been so. The fact that this ancient people built huts of a circular form with conical roofs precisely as the islanders do in the present day, is somewhat remarkable, and would appear to indicate that they may have worked from a common model, as the square is the form which would suggest itself to a mind without any preconceived ideas on the subject, and which must inevitably have been suggested to the

Lacustrines by the planks and piles they used for the foundations of their huts, and was, in fact, adopted by some of them.

As discoveries continue to be made in the lakes of Switzerland, Italy, and Savoy, it is possible that some light may before long be thrown on the origin of the people who once dwelt upon them; but whether so or not, nobody can help feeling an interest in the knowledge of the fact, that there existed in Europe a nation which had attained a high degree of civilisation at the same time that Abram and Lot were journeying from Haran to Canaan.

THE SQUIRE'S OFF-FARM.

On the outskirts of our East-Anglian parish of Waterwold, just where the arable land dips into the fen, lies a small triangular estate of some fourscore acres. More than a hundred years back—so goes the story—a certain rich squire, hard of head and hard of heart, wrested this property by unfair means from its poor proprietor. The man died broken-hearted, but his last words were, that the squire would not live to reap the corn he (the dying man) had sown, but should follow him before the hay was cut. And the prophecy was fulfilled. Though nobody hereabouts knows the name of the oppressor or oppressed, yet so strong a hold has this tradition taken on popular fancy, that, on appointed nights of the year, the squire may be seen down by his plantations, yet measuring acre after acre, and the triangle, always let with the Blue-clay Farm, still bears the name which heads my paper. A good hour's walk through a web of muddy lanes, between hedges which look this February afternoon like so much sheet-iron fantastically cut, brings us to its apex. Here are farm-buildings, and, next the fen, the cottage of the labourer, who, as his employer would tell you, 'belongs to the live-stock on the premises.' Down from this point, the stretch of brown furrows widens as it slopes, till on the rising-ground it is met half-way by the plantations.

That legendary squire must have had an eye for the picturesque; you can see what a noble sweep of forest-growth he had planned. A clump of grand Scotch firs, their trunks now fiery in the westerling light, marks the very spot where the design was abruptly broken off a century ago. Over their tops hangs one white cloud, with a fragment not unlike a dim lily-leaf beside it. So much for the background. In front, the sunshine brings very pleasantly out all the tokens of care and thrift about the homestead. The pig-sties must be full, if one may judge from that pervading aroma which sets one speculating why, the smell of roast-pork being delightful, the smell of live-pork should be so eminently the reverse. On a slip of pasture, a few shaggy colts are browsing their way up into their profession as cart-horses, like incipient barristers eating their terms; and over this gate we look into the straw-yard, where a score of bullocks are doing their best to make beasts of themselves, in the Smithfield sense of the phrase. The party has evidently been picked out at random from different droves, and presents a very miscellaneous compound. Here are all sorts and conditions of horns, from the shortest projections, to that pair which grow as if they meant to touch the ground, but turn up with a sudden spike half-way. Surely that fellow scratching his head against the gate-post must be descended from the 'cow with the crumpled horn,' which is everybody's acquaintance. There is a brace of Scotch cattle, which might have just walked out of Rosa Bonheur's 'Morning in the Highlands,' certain individuals, with the shabbiest coats of the whole lot, are from Ireland; and there is one odd-looking Welshman, one horn straight, while the other curls gracefully over his left eye.

By dint of bringing a bit of superior oilcake in my pocket whenever I come this way, I have struck

up a friendship with the best-natured members of the fraternity. But only the other day, on presenting my dole, the bullocks would have nothing to say either to me or my oilcake. As I persevered, they gathered in a body, the foremost stamping and shaking his head after a fashion which made one involuntarily step back a few paces from the gate. I was moving off, when, recalling an anecdote which seemed to explain this incivility, I determined to try the experiment for myself. So I made a second appearance at the straw-yard minus a very conspicuous scarlet comforter, and had the pleasure of being graciously received by my four-footed friends. The story alluded to is worth giving, if only to prove that bovine antipathies are the same all Europe over. One of Garibaldi's pets at Caprera is a beautiful heifer, whose docility all his visitors are expected to admire. But one fine morning, when the general entered her pasture with some friends from Paris, to his surprise the creature displayed no intention of shewing off as usual. First, she retreated, then faced about, and finally made a sudden charge full into the party. The red shirts, which the Frenchmen wore, out of compliment to their host, turned out to be the grievance, for when these were buttoned over, she behaved at once with her usual gentleness.

About the premises of the Off-farm we find live-stock by hundreds, which, unlike pigs, colts, and bullocks, want no care from man. All they ask of him is leave to pick up their living without let or hindrance. I mean the small birds which darken the corn-ricks, and dot the bit of pasture and hedges near the premises like so many detachments of a Lilliputian army out on forage. The first three months of the year is the hungriest time of all for these little creatures, especially for those which are mainly or solely vegetarian in diet. (Keep it in mind, my readers, who can afford to throw crumbs out of window, and surely we all of us have as much as this to give.) The stubble is ploughed up, hips, haws, and berries have disappeared, and they have picked the field-banks as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, so they wisely congregate in myriads about a lonely farm-place where they get their provisions undisturbed. Look how cleverly they have shelled the beans out of the bean-stack! Why, I saw with my own eyes a wheat-rick here this winter completely unthatched by the multitude of bills which had drawn out the straws one by one to find grain. Of course, the tortoise-shell markings of the sparrow tribe predominate among these marauders, but you can easily pick out other species; as, for instance, the handsome yellow bunting; greenfinches, conspicuous by their wide beaks and soft yellowish-green colouring; the starling, in his dull winter garb; the smart little chaffinch, as early as this beginning to brighten his feathers for the spring; and least, as well as last, everybody's pet, the wren. That bird, with his claws grappled into the house-eaves, and hanging downwards in icicle-fashion, is the great tit on search for flies in their winter harbour. Perched on the fagot-pile are two of his congeners, the blue-caps, which feed at the house-door with the robin, and all the year round keep near the premises. In this household the couple are sacred birds; so much so, indeed, that the housewife will not keep a cat, lest Pusey should take a fancy to their plump little persons; and the reason why is, I think, one of the most curious and touching ornithological facts I find in my note-book. More than four years back it is now since one of the sons came out of the harvest-field complaining of headache and tired limbs. That evening, as he crossed the threshold, he turned, and putting his stone beer-bottle into the forked branch of an apple-tree, said: 'Don't let them take it down, mother; it's ready for to-morrow.' But the morrow found the poor lad down with fever; and before harvest was over, he died. The winter passed, and

there was the bottle just as it had been left. The father had clamped it into the fork with bits of iron hoop, for the parents said to each other: 'Though we can't afford a grave-stone in the churchyard, we'll have this, at least, to mind us of our poor boy.' And behold, when spring brought blossoms to the apple-tree, there came that pair of blue-caps, and took possession of the memorial! In it for the last three years they have made a nest, and reared their young, without means of entrance or exit beside the neck of the bottle.

But how quickly the short winter-day has fallen! An hour since, the wind rising combed out that cloud above the fir-tops into fleeces, and drove it westward, first to lie a crumpled lake of molten brass in the sunset, and then darken into a rampart on the horizon, and the phantom lily-leaf it left behind now rides bright and high, a gibbous moon. Lingering red gleams have all faded out among the firs, now waving in black solemn masses against the northern sky. Between their stems, mists from the moat beyond creep in such ghastly shapes, that a whole regiment of spectral squires might fairly be within the beholder's powers of belief. The last robin is silent, the small birds nestle in snug cranies, and that rustling scuttle your ear just caught was a moorhen stealing in from the fen to the labourer's fagot-stack for shelter. What tenfold dreariness the waste puts on; it seems stretching towards us as if to swallow up this small speck of human dwelling on its skirts. Against it, however, a defiant glow streams from the lattice, where the check-curtain gapes quite wide enough to permit us an insight into rustic house-keeping. Supper is ready, the great meal of the day to folks who have had nothing more comfortable since breakfast than their 'bit o' cold victual,' snapped up under a hedge. The hearth blazes cheerily. By it stands a round oak-table, at which are gathered the parents and four brown boys, one above another, with shocks of hair, no chins to speak of, but a more than compensating development of ear. The pot steams as if the housewife had broken the seal of Solomon when she lifted the lid, and let loose some terrible genius; and, ye powers that wait on digestion, out tumble the dumplings, much the size and shape of twenty-four pound shot, and just a trifle less hard! That modest bit of bacon peeping among them is boiled for the father, but shared by the eldest boy since his recent promotion to a six-shilling weekly wage. As for lesser bread-winners, their portion of the relish is confined to the smell, with whatever flavour a lively fancy can bestow on the maximum of dumpling boiled in company with the minimum of salt pork. But not for the world would I lose that little bit of by-play going on. The woman is slipping brown sugar and her own scrap of butter on the smallest urchin's plate; she does this stealthily, reproaching herself, as you plainly read on her honest face, for this 'favourin' of little Bob.' Ay, but then this same small Bob went out only this morning for the first time to keep birds at eightpence a week; and his mother's heart has so yearned after him in her empty cottage, that, let who may go without, to-night at least Bob must have something better than salt to his dumpling. Poor little fellow! one can fancy the time went heavily with him, with no other company but flights of rooks and jackdaws. He got quite afraid of them at last; indeed, he has been afraid all day long without knowing why, just as he could not tell why now the blazing fagot and the sight of his mother's face send that delightful thrill down to his very toes. Bob has not words at will, but those round eyes of his speak volumes as they meet hers. And ah, how familiar the picture grows as we look on. Those smoke-blackened rafters, the red tiles of the floor, the prevailing brown hues, that fire-glow on the woman's head, so tenderly bent, how well we know them all! Just such a set of Teuton features,

commonplace in themselves, but ennobled by that wonderful mother-love breathing through them, just such another wee round face, every charm of childhood called out by its answering love; these have often looked out upon both you and me, my reader, from the canvas of old Netherland painters. Our cottagers are 'decent God-living folks,' as the phrase goes here; for before they fall to, the brown boys duck their heads, while the father says a slow reverent grace; and this act—the acknowledgment of a benign Presence—touches us with more than ordinary significance here in the solitude.

There are times, more or less—I suppose they come to all—when we are chafed to the heart's core, when the very air we breathe seems choked with petty cares and vexations. Then it may be that suddenly some vivid glimpse we once had into other human lives sweeps through the mind with the health of a mountain breeze, clears off the cobwebs, and makes men and women of us again, instead of mere bundles of fretfulness; and I store up as one of these wholesome memories that of the fireside at the Squire's Off-farm.

LULLI.

ONE fine summer day, in the year 1646, the Duke de Guise brought back with him from Florence to Paris an Italian lad just thirteen years of age.

The boy was called Jean Baptiste Lulli. His dark eyes, long flowing hair, and open countenance, together with his peculiar Italian accent, and, above all, his remarkable talent as a violinist, even at that early age, gained him more than one admirer. The Duke de Guise had brought him to France, not for his music, but for another, and at that time, a more practical capacity. Lulli was an excellent cook, and had already learned the secret of preparing certain exquisite dishes, of which none of the French cooks of the period had the slightest notion. However, the Duke was soon obliged to give up the boy to Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who was amused by his foreign accent and graceful manners, and who protected him on account of his musical talents, rather than for his knowledge of cookery.

He got into many scrapes in the royal kitchens. The head-cook was extremely jealous of the favour bestowed upon the young Lulli by so illustrious a personage as Mademoiselle de Montpensier; besides which, he was envious of his superior knowledge in the art of cooking.

Sometimes, when the *chef's* back was turned, Lulli, forgetting the dinner that was preparing, as well as everything else besides, would take his violin from the cupboard, in which it lay hidden, and execute some soft Italian air, which so enchanted the entire force of the kitchen—chiefly lads of his own age—that one and all forgot their duties, enraptured with the delicious sounds of the violin, until joints were burned, stews evaporated to dryness, and soups and creams coagulated and smoked.

Many a time would Lulli's violin have been broken over his head by the *chef de cuisine*, but a certain circumstance prevented any violence being attempted. Our readers must know that for some months his august majesty Louis XIV. had intimated his approval of the *cufs à la neige* and the *sorbets* which came to the royal table—a dessert which, consequently, was repeatedly demanded, and which Lulli alone knew how to make. The head-cook himself passed, however, for the inventor of these dishes. Lulli knew it, and he had the good sense to allow matters to stand as they were. But no sooner did the old *chef*, in an access of fury, raise a saucepan or other utensil to fling at Lulli, than the latter exclaimed: 'Take care, old Scrub! His majesty will be wanting his *sorbets*

to-day or to-morrow;' when the saucepan was immediately dropped, and all the bitter eloquence that the head of the kitchen was capable of using flowed freely upon the lad's ears. But as Lulli could not be harmed by these words so much as by kicks and blows, his existence was prolonged in the royal kitchens until a certain day which made his fortune.

That day—Lulli was then fifteen and a half years of age—the sun was shining gloriously in the heavens, the kitchen-boys were all as gay as larks; it is needless to add, the head-cook was far away, and Lulli, who had taken up his violin, was treating his enraptured companions to some of his very finest music, when the Count de Nogent suddenly entered the kitchen, and, to the surprise of all present, took away the boy and his violin.

Never again was Lulli to behold those walls and pans that he had so often made to vibrate with his soft Italian melodies.

The count had heard from the open windows of his apartment the sound of Lulli's violin; his curiosity was excited, and he longed to know what inmate of the palace could manage the instrument so skillfully. Having assured himself that the music proceeded from the kitchen, he entered, and telling Lulli not to fear, but to follow him, and bring his violin, he took the boy straightway to the princess, and made him play before her the melodies that were still ringing in the ears of the pot-boys. We do not know all that passed during this interview; but very soon afterwards Lulli, who had been taught the first elements of his art by an Italian friar, was placed by Mademoiselle de Montpensier under the care of a proper master. In a short time, he played better than his professor, and became professor in his turn. He instructed several young men, who became, under his tuition, excellent violinists.

The fame of Lulli as a violin-player had by this time spread so far, that the king himself desired to hear him. Lulli was nineteen years of age when he played for the first time before Louis XIV., who was so enchanted by his performance and with that of his pupils, that his majesty engaged their permanent services as *les petits violons du roi*, or the little violins of the king. There had existed for some time at the court of Louis XIV. a band of twenty-four violin players; they were called 'the violins of the chamber,' and their reputation had already spread far and wide; but the new band of the *petits violons* soon eclipsed the former most completely, and Lulli entered more and more each day into the favour of the king.

Lulli now began to study composition, and with very decided success: the brilliant *fêtes* which were of so frequent occurrence at the court of Louis XIV., and the favour shewn him by the king, gave him numerous opportunities of trying the effects of his music. He made ballets, and composed the music for several plays in which the king himself sometimes took a part, and for which his majesty had erected more especially the theatre of the palace of Versailles. Our musician became at the same time an able composer and an excellent actor: and not only wrote the music and ballets for several of Molière's plays, but took a prominent part in the acting of those pieces. His great success lay in comic character, for which he had a very decided disposition. Indeed, when Molière wished to amuse his guests, he was wont to exclaim, turning to Lulli: 'Come, Baptiste, make us laugh.'

In the year 1672, the king made Lulli director of the Royal Academy of Music, which had until then been submitted to the Abbé Perrin, and from that moment dates the birth of the grand opera in France. The glory of having created such a splendid institution belongs, however, partly to Quinault, a member of the French Academy, who wrote the libretto for most of Lulli's operas. The latter are very numerous; we had occasion to name some of

them in a former paper.* In the space of fifteen years, no less than nineteen grand operas were composed by Lulli; and though a century and a half has passed away since they were performed, and in spite of the great progress made in music, the principal of them are still known to the musical world in France.

But in this paper, my intention is to deal more exclusively with the circumstances under which Lulli composed and brought out his grandest and most sublime opera *Armide*. The king himself had furnished Lulli with the subject of this work, and the talented Quinault was, as usual, engaged to write the libretto. That terrible calamity, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had spread consternation throughout France; and though the courtiers of Louis XIV. at first supposed that the influence of this revocation could only be felt by the lower classes, and could not possibly reach the court, enveloped as it was in festivities and pleasures, yet this disastrous influence soon became manifest in the palace itself, and alarm actually took possession of Versailles. 'It's all up with us,' said the nobles one to another; 'we shall soon be all hooded like monks; and instead of operas we shall have masses and vespers; the times of pleasure are surely flown away.'

Such notions were not allowed to reach the ears of the king; but Madame de Maintenon was too well aware of them. She soon perceived how necessary it was to attract the attention of the court to other matters, but the difficulty was how to do it. Banquets and lotteries were so dreadfully expensive, and their effects lasted too short a time. Since the death of Molière, comedy had few attractions. Racine was not gay enough for the circumstances. But Madame de Maintenon remembered hearing the king speak of an opera to be composed by Lulli and Quinault, and of which his majesty had furnished the subject. If the composition were ready, it would be just what was wanted; and the only way to ascertain this was to see one of the authors. She therefore determined to have an interview with Lulli, and inquire how far the piece had progressed.

Lulli rarely went to Versailles unless it was absolutely necessary, for his time was almost wholly occupied with his opera-house in Paris; he disliked many of the grand seigneurs, who were rather jealous of him; and, besides this, in Paris he could lead that careless and irregular life he appeared to cherish, and which he could not have done under the eyes of his majesty at Versailles.

The king had already given Lulli a title of nobility, and the latter always called and wrote himself M. de Lulli; but he was not, as was customary, made secretary of state at the same time. Lulli had never thought of that until one of his kind friends informed him that it was lucky the king had, contrary to custom, dispensed with him as secretary of state, for many members of the cabinet had declared that they would have resisted his election to that position most energetically. On hearing this, Lulli could not sleep tranquilly; and indeed could not rest until he had obtained the position in question, in spite of all the members of the cabinet put together. The means he employed to get it were as follows.

In 1681, a fête was to be given at St Germain, and Molière's comedy, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (played for the first time eleven years before at Chambord, and for which Lulli had written the music), was to be performed before the king.

Lulli, who, as I have before stated, was an excellent comic actor, of which fact the king was perfectly ignorant, determined to profit by this opportunity, and astonish his majesty; thereby hoping to gain the object he desired. He therefore arranged to play the part of the Grand Turk or Mufti in the comical scene between this wonderful personage and M.

Jourdain, the hero of the piece. Lulli had covered his head with an enormous turban nearly five feet high, so that his face appeared really to be in the centre of his body; his brilliant little eyes, fatigued by the glare of the lights, sparkled more than usual, and his appearance excited a general exclamation of astonishment, and a laugh, which, however, was immediately suppressed, for the king was unfortunately in a bad humour that evening, and he had not yet been seen to smile. Lulli had perceived the difficulties of his situation, and determined to make a supreme effort.

When the scene arrived where the Grand Turk strikes M. Jourdain with the Koran, Lulli administered to the unfortunate actor who represented that character such a succession of blows, that the latter was obliged to say to him, in an undertone of voice: 'Stop your joking, or hang me if I don't lay on to you!'

'So much the better,' answered Lulli; 'lay on, lay on! That's the thing!'

Whereupon the other actor, furious with rage, struck at Lulli's face the most formidable blow; Lulli, however, saw it coming, dropped suddenly down, and received it in his turban. Then came a regular scramble. M. Jourdain flies again and again at the mufti, who receives him each time at the extremity of his turban, like a bull, until at last, the exasperated actor, bent upon punishing Lulli for his impertinent and unexpected attack, determines to seize him by the neck. He rushes at him; whilst Lulli, falling suddenly to the ground, M. Jourdain runs astride the turban, which, becoming unrolled, entangles him, and he stumbles over it. A titter, now impossible to suppress, had already spread through the theatre. Lulli had seen the commencement of a smile upon the king's countenance; so, leaving M. Jourdain entangled in the monstrous turban, he sprang away, and pretending to slip, fell over the lights into the *claque*, which stood in the centre of the orchestra, and completely annihilated that instrument in his frantic endeavours to extricate himself. The house was now in an uproar, and the king laughed as heartily as the other spectators; he laughed as a king should not laugh, wiped the tears from his eyes, saying he never was so much amused in his life!

After the performance, Lulli placed himself in the corridor through which the king had to pass. Louis XIV. complimented him in a most flattering manner, telling him he was the most amusing fellow in all France. The artful musician seized the opportunity; he hung down his head, and with a mournful look replied: 'Sire, that is precisely what I have most to complain of, for I had hoped to become secretary of state; but now that I have been upon the stage, the honourable secretaries will never consent to my reception.'

'They shall accept you!' exclaimed the king indignantly; 'and what is more, I make you, from this day forward, a pension of twelve hundred livres.'

One thousand two hundred francs per annum for having jumped into a piano!

Shortly after this, Lulli was effectively made secretary of state, but not without some difficulty; and when he had fairly obtained the title, the other members of the cabinet made a point of saluting him at Versailles with 'Bonjour, mon confrère!' This little witticism has been attributed to the Marquis de Louvois; but it was so generally adopted and so often repeated, that Lulli rarely or ever shewed himself at Versailles when he could possibly avoid it. His astonishment was great, therefore, when, one afternoon, as he had just finished a repast with a few friends, at the restaurant of the Golden Hoop, near the Palais Royal, the waiter informed him that his wife requested he would return home immediately, as a royal carriage waited to conduct him to Versailles.

'Oh, oh!' he exclaimed, 'that looks uncommonly

* See 'A Tale of a Flute,' *Chambers's Journal*, page 158, vol. 16.

like one of Madeleine's jokes. I know she does not like me to remain too long at table, when I dine out; but I had better just go and see; and if it is not true, I won't shew my face at home for eight days!

On rising from the table, he found he had drunk an ample quantity of wine, and tottering home with uncertain steps, he found his wife had not deceived him. He stumbled into the coach, went fast to sleep on the road, and did not awaken until the carriage stopped at the palace of Versailles. An old abbé presented himself at the door of the vehicle, and said in a most respectful tone of voice: 'Monsieur de Lulli, I have orders to conduct you to a lady, who desires an interview with you.'

Our musician considered this a piece of extremely good-fortune. He threw a hasty glance over his shattered toilet, and followed the abbé to an elegantly furnished apartment, hung round with pictures of the saints, where Lulli was left for some moments to his own meditations. He was lost in conjectures, when a lady of austere figure entered, and advanced towards him. In the dusk of the evening, Lulli could not recognise her features, but came forward, and threw himself at her feet. Madame de Maintenon, for it was no other, was at first rather surprised at this extreme graciousness, but she soon flattered herself by reflecting that so great a sinner, and a man who passed his life with the excommunicated, owed such homage to a virtuous woman like herself; also, she did not let this opportunity for preaching a sermon escape. 'Monsieur de Lulli,' she began, 'I understand that you lead a very bad kind of life.'

At this voice, Lulli suddenly raised his head; he knew in a moment who it was he had to deal with, and felt that he had placed himself in a very ridiculous position. 'I! no, indeed, madame,' he interrupted quickly; 'I lead the orchestra of the Opera, and nothing more.'

Madame de Maintenon soon startled and really terrified him, however, by telling him that the king was sorely displeased with him—a fact which Lulli could not account for at all—and that the only way to enter again into his good graces, was to terminate the opera he had been directed to compose, and perform it before his majesty within eight days.

'My *Armide*,' cried Lulli, 'in eight days! But, madame, it is absolutely impossible. I have a whole act to compose; and Quinault cannot complete the poem on account of the numerous alterations I have begged him to make.'

'Well,' retorted the marchioness, in an impatient tone, 'give us what you have of it.'

'I mutilate a *chef-d'œuvre*, and give it piece by piece! O no, madame. His majesty may be as angry as he likes, but in less than a month I cannot hope to give my *Armide*.'

'Very well, monsieur; we won't say anything more about it. I know that Monsieur Lalande is occupied with a piece of music which will perhaps be ready; and then there is little Marais, who has so often tormented me to get his music heard by the king.'

'What do you mean to say, madame?' exclaimed Lulli; 'you would have other operas than mine executed before his majesty! No, no! I will never consent to that. You shall have an opera in eight days—but it will not be *Armide*; for instance—'

'*Armide*, or another, it is all the same to me.'

'Perfectly good, madame; in eight days you shall have a new opera-ballet—music by Lulli, words by Quinault. Perhaps madame would kindly furnish us with a subject.'

'Monsieur,' replied Madame de Maintenon, whose pride was touched at so audacious a proposal, 'you ought to know by this time that I do not mix myself up in such matters.'

'Pardon me, madame,' returned the musician quietly; 'his majesty, you know, supplied the subject for *Armide*; you might, I thought, have

proposed this one. *Armide* will be the opera of the king, this one the opera of the—'

He stopped short, fearing he had said too much, but the marchioness did not appear angry. 'Well, I consent,' she rejoined; 'your work shall reconcile you to the king—call it *The Temple of Peace*.'

'Madame, in eight days, the first representation.' And Lulli retired, saluting the marchioness gravely. He went straight back to Paris, to Quinault's chambers.

'My dear friend,' said he on entering, 'I come to inform you that on this day week will take place the first representation of our opera, *The Temple of Peace*, and we must be prepared for it.'

'What on earth do you mean?' cried Quinault, starting from his chair. 'What new folly is this?'

'You must know, then, my dear sir, that in order not to mortally offend our illustrious master, Louis XIV., and his little-illustrious mistress, Widow Scarron, I have promised to give at Versailles, in eight days from this, a new opera-ballet, made, composed, learned, and performed.'

'And what has that to do with me?' asked Quinault mildly.

'What has that to do with you?' rejoined Lulli. 'It is simply you, Monsieur Philippe Quinault, Auditor of Accounts, member of the French Academy, and Knight of the Order of St Michel, who have to compose the words.'

'But, good heavens!' exclaimed Quinault, 'suppose I was ready, how could you possibly write the music? And suppose that was written, how could your actors know their parts? It's absurd, impossible. But why on earth do you want this opera, and where did you get such an insipid title?'

'Insipid title, I grant you; but it was Widow Scarron that furnished me with it, so you had better not give it any epithets out of your own walls. The motive which causes me to undertake this new work is the displeasure of the king; I wish to regain his favour.'

'But, my dear, excellent Lulli, the thing is impossible. Eight days, and then *The Temple of Peace*. What, in the name of all the gods, do you think I can make out of that?'

'Oh, that's easy enough. *The Temple of Peace*—let me see—first scene represents the theatre of war—chorus of injured shepherds—warriors advance, rattling their arms—'

'For Heaven's sake and mine, hold your tongue, ass that you are!' shouted Quinault. 'Do you think you will hasten the business with all that nonsense! Let us talk reasonably, if you are capable of so doing for a single instant.'

'That is just what we must do,' rejoined Lulli seriously. 'We have made together at different times several little *entrées* of ballets; sew me them all together as well as you can, with a few recitatives, and I will manage the rest. If it is not too bad, we will have it played at Paris, whilst we are waiting for *Armide*, which this new work will keep back a little.'

'Well, then,' said Quinault, 'come here to-morrow, and you will find I have commenced. See about your actors and your dancers in the meantime; and now, good-night.'

'Oh, as regards my dancers, I have no fears. I shall take them all from the court, so that they are sure to be good.'

The next day, Quinault had made up a species of amphibological poem, to which the title *Temple of Peace* might, at a pinch, be applied, though the piece might just as well have been termed *The Temple of Glory*, *The Temple of Hymen*, or any other imaginable temple. Three days later, the new piece was rehearsed at Versailles. M. de Conti was to dance a *pas* with the Duchess de Bourbon; Mademoiselle de Blois, a scene with the ballet-dancer Pecourt; and the dancer Fabvier one with the Marchioness de Mouy.

But on the evening of the first representation, when the king and all his court were already in their seats, and at the moment the curtain was about to be raised, Lulli perceived, to his horror, that the portion of scenery which was intended to represent the temple in question, and which had been used for some previous performance, had upon it the figure of an owl. 'This will never do,' thought he; 'his majesty will be sure to take it for a bad sign.'

'Knock off that detestable bird,' he exclaimed. 'Here—a painter, a decorator; here, quick, put up a figure of the sun, an emblem of Louis XIV., anything but that disgusting owl.' But no painter could be found at the moment, and Lulli was rushing about distracted, tearing his hair, and shrieking for a painter, or even a carpenter. At this moment, an officer of the guards approached, and twice remarked without being heard: 'Monsieur de Lulli, the king is waiting.'

At last, a painter was found, and immediately set to work, when the officer of the guards again came forward, and intimated for the third time: 'Monsieur de Lulli, I had the honour to tell you that the king was waiting.'

'Eh! infernal blue jacket!' roared Lulli; 'I can't help it, can I? The king can wait; he is master here, and no one can prevent his waiting as long as ever he likes.'

A ring of laughter hailed this bold repartee, which spread so rapidly through the theatre, that it got to the king's ears, who was highly offended by it, and the performance was, in consequence, a perfect failure.

Lulli returned that night to Paris with a fallen countenance. As the truth must be told, he never had lost the king's friendship at all; but in endeavouring, as he supposed, to regain it, he had achieved the very thing he would have given anything to have avoided.

He determined to have nothing more to do with the court, whose caprices appeared to him to change like the wind, and to work in future for the Parisian public only, by whom he knew his music to be held in great esteem.

A short time after the scenes I have just described, the opera of *Armide* was finished, and a day fixed for its rehearsal; generally speaking, no one was admitted to the opera at rehearsals, except a few court nobles whose entrance could not be refused. On the day in question, however, not one even asked for admission. 'So much the better,' thought Lulli; 'then I am quit of these fine givers of advice, and my affairs will be none the worse for that.'

In the middle of the rehearsal, a door-keeper informed Lulli that a person who refused his name desired to speak to him. 'I've no time now,' said the musician. 'Let him send in his name, however, and then we'll see.'

A moment afterwards, a dirty, greasy piece of paper was brought to him, on which were written in pencil the words, 'An old friend.' 'Tell him,' said Lulli, 'that I have no friends on days of rehearsal. Some other day.'

The rehearsal then proceeded, and the incident was soon forgotten. Next day was appointed for the first representation; and in the evening, as Lulli entered the theatre, another little piece of greasy paper was placed in his hands by the door-keeper; upon it was written, 'You would not see me yesterday: I shall wait for you to-night after your opera.'

He was unable to imagine who it could be that addressed him these mysterious greasy notes. He crumpled up the paper, and the excitement of the moment soon caused him to forget the circumstance. The house filled rapidly, but the places usually occupied by the court were all vacant; not a nobleman was to be seen in the building. The public assembled hardly knew what to think of it. Lulli had immense talents, and consequently many enemies. It was

readily hinted that the king had disgraced him, and forbidden the court to put a foot in the theatre. Then people began to feel that they had compromised themselves by appearing at the opera that evening, and some actually tried to back out of so disagreeable a position; but as the return of their money was refused at the door, they thought it better to risk their personal security, than to throw away their forty sous. And it was in the presence of such an audience that Lulli's *chef-d'œuvre* of *Armide*, which had cost him so much labour, was about to be performed for the first time.

Applause was certainly not wanting in some portions of the work, which the good *bourgeois* public hailed with delight, in spite of themselves. But the piece terminated in the coldest manner possible. Lulli was 'desolated.' 'Am I mistaken?' thought he. 'Are my musical talents extinguished? It cannot be,' he continued, muttering to himself as he prepared to leave the opera: 'I feel that this is the finest work I ever produced.'

He was slowly descending the staircase of the theatre, when he felt himself pulled by the sleeve; upon turning round, he perceived a man, negligently dressed, and apparently a beggar. 'Leave me alone,' said Lulli sulkily; 'I can do nothing for you.'

'Baptiste,' said the man, 'I wrote you word that I should wait for you after your opera. Stay one moment. Do you not recognise me?' Lulli endeavoured in vain to recollect the features of the individual before him. 'It is quite natural,' continued the latter: 'it is near upon forty years since we met. But surely you don't forget Petit Pierre?'

'Petit Pierre!' exclaimed Lulli. 'Impossible! You are not Petit Pierre. Petit Pierre must have been dead long ago.'

'You doubt it!' rejoined the other. 'Do you not remember our last interview in 1647? I was beaten, and lost my place, you remember, all for you. You cannot have forgotten it?'

'O no! Most certainly, I recollect it well. Yes, yes! I do recollect you now, my old friend. Come along with me. What luck to have met you again! How delighted I shall be to talk over old times with you! Come away.'

And Lulli, forgetting everything connected with his opera, offered his arm to the stranger, and the two strolled away together. On arriving at Lulli's apartments, a thousand souvenirs seemed to awake in the musician's mind; he asked twenty questions at once of Petit Pierre, who could not answer them quickly enough. It is perhaps necessary to state that Petit Pierre was an old kitchen-companion of Lulli's, and had got into disgrace by listening too often to the latter's violin, and taking the young musician's part in his disturbances with the head-cook.

'Do you remember,' said Lulli, 'the tricks we used to play upon our *chef*, and the wine that we used to drink on the sly, eh?'

'I should think I did,' returned Petit Pierre; 'and those six bottles of Burgundy which we appropriated to ourselves, and which I went and sold, to buy you a new violin, when old Scrub, in one of his furies, had broken your old one into a hundred pieces!'

'Ah!' exclaimed Lulli, 'it was the source of my fortune. But what became of you, when I was taken away into the service of Mademoiselle de Montpensier?'

'Oh, I was kicked out of the royal kitchens,' rejoined Petit Pierre, 'because I was looked upon by old Scrub as your principal accomplice, and because I would not tell him your secret of making the *œufs à la neige* and the *sorbets*. I entered the service of an English nobleman, who was returning to his country, and took me with him. Although in France I never ranked higher than a simple *marmite*, I was considered in England a very good cook. I followed my kind master everywhere, even to Florence, where he

died, leaving me a pension of eight hundred francs a year. I often heard Monsieur de Lulli spoken of, but I hardly dared to think it was my old friend Baptiste. I trembled whilst writing to you; nor did I dare to sign my name, thinking you would perhaps not receive me.'

'Oh, you made yourself a wrong idea of me,' returned Lulli; 'you are and always will be my best friend. And, whilst I think of it, you have just returned from Italy, and you must have heard the music of that country. I shall enable you to judge of mine, and you shall boast of having been treated as no prince ever was. I will have my *Armide* played for you alone! We will listen to it together, and you shall tell me what you think of it. And in return for this, you shall cook me a dinner in your own fashion.'

'With the greatest pleasure possible,' replied Petit Pierre, 'for at present I may say, without boasting, that I am really a first-rate cook—that I know the whole details of French cookery and Italian cookery also.'

'Italian cookery also!' exclaimed Lulli. 'Ah, my friend, let me embrace you! Not one of these infernal Paris poisoners has the slightest notion of macaroni.'

'Leave it to me,' answered Petit Pierre; 'you shall have macaroni, ravioli, polenta—anything in the world you would like.'

'To-morrow, then,' said Lulli, 'we will dine together at the Golden Hoop, and go after dinner to hear *Armide*; after which, we will return here to sup, and will prepare the supper together.'

The two parted, after mutually embracing each other, the best friends in the world. Lulli passed a quiet night, and rose in the morning after a tranquil and refreshing sleep, in spite of the annoyance caused him by the cold reception of his *Armide*.

The next day, the actors of the opera were informed that a representation of *Armide* would be given that evening, and that the public was not to be admitted.

A man adored and esteemed as Lulli was among his singers, dancers, and instrumentalists, had only to express to them a wish, to see it immediately accomplished. They all consented unanimously. Petit Pierre was introduced to them as a grand seigneur from Italy, a distinguished amateur and patron of music; and they all bowed low to the cook.

The performance took place just as if the theatre had been crammed to suffocation. Petit Pierre was enchanted, and Lulli could not restrain his own joy. 'Bravo, bravo, Lulli!' he exclaimed at the end of each air; 'you never made anything equal to this—you are really a great man!' He complimented the actors most graciously, and they, in their turns, returned compliments to him. The whole affair passed off most agreeably; it was a perfect family success; and when the parties retired that evening, every face was radiant with joy and contentment.

Returning home, Lulli shut himself up with Petit Pierre, who had previously arranged all the necessary utensils, and the composer aided the cook in preparing a most sumptuous supper. They sat themselves at table, and did such honour to the feast, that in less than an hour they were both completely intoxicated. The two friends wept with joy, and embraced each other over and over again, compliments and praise flowing from one to the other as freely as the wine.

'Ah, what splendid music!' cried Petit Pierre.

'What delicious macaroni!' retorted Lulli.

'How fine it was!' continued Petit Pierre.

'How good it is!' rejoined Lulli.

'Monsieur de Lulli, you are a very great musician.'

'Monsieur de Petit Pierre, you are a most talented cook!'

'We are both very great men.'

'And we know how to appreciate each other.'

'And how to drink each other's health.'

The bottles continued to pass amidst a succession of high-flowing compliments and tender embraces.

The two were so intent upon their agreeable occupation, that neither of them had remarked that for the last five minutes a repeated knocking was going on at the door of the supper-room. At last Petit Pierre fancied he heard something.

'I think I hear a knock,' said he. 'Shall I open the door?'

'What does it matter,' answered Lulli, 'whether you open it, or whether you don't open it? They will finish by going away, or by knocking the door in.'

'Very well,' said Petit Pierre, 'we won't open; it is really not worth while to give ourselves the trouble.'

At this moment, the door did effectively give way before the external force that was being applied to it, and in rushed a troop of young noblemen, amidst a confused heap of bottles, plates, and saucepans.

'What's the meaning of all this?' asked one of them of Lulli. 'You cannot open the door to people who bring you good news.'

'I know no good news,' answered the musician, 'but that I have found again my dear old friend, Petit Pierre.'

'And who is this Petit Pierre?'

'He is a great Italian nobleman, who makes the most excellent macaroni, and who is going to teach me how to cook.'

'Upon the condition that you will teach me music,' interrupted Petit Pierre.

'Of course,' replied Lulli. 'I will make you a composer, and you shall make me a cook.'

The new-comers soon perceived the very intoxicated state of their host, and one of them, thinking it would help to sober him, whispered in his ear that they came from the king with a special message.

'What do I want with the king!' shouted Lulli; 'what does he know of music? He is not worth my old friend Petit Pierre. Petit Pierre is not the man who would have an opera of Lalande played for him!'

'But you are mistaken, Monsieur de Lulli,' interrupted one of the gentlemen: 'the king has heard that you have had *Armide* played for yourself alone, and that you applauded it. As no one is a better judge of music than yourself, his majesty confides in your judgment; he desires us to compliment you upon your piece, and to inform you that he wishes to hear it as soon as possible.'

'Vive le roi!' shouted Lulli. 'O my lords, pardon me for having spoken so lightly of his excellent majesty; it's the state in which this vagabond of a Petit Pierre has placed me. I must really get rid of him. If any of you, now, wanted an excellent cook'—

'I will take him,' interrupted one of the noblemen. 'I do as the king does—I rely upon your judgment, which I know to be as sound in the kitchen as in the Academy of Music.'

The second representation of *Armide* had a prodigious success, and no piece of music ever lasted so long, for it was played during eighty consecutive years with continued applause.

Now comes that portion of my sketch which is least satisfactory to write. At the commencement of the year 1687, Lulli fell ill. Some say that his illness proceeded from a wound he had inflicted upon his foot whilst beating time with his cane. In the month of February his illness took an alarming character: many friends waited anxiously each day at his door to know how he had passed the night. The Chevalier de Lorraine called to see him, when his wife Madeleine reproached this gentleman openly with having shortened her husband's life, by attracting him too frequently to those drinking-parties which were one of the worst vices of that century. He was visited, during his last moments, by the Prince de Conti, one morning that his illness appeared to be at its height. Upon that day, Lulli had also been visited by a priest,

who, according to custom, had confessed him. The Prince de Conti learned that this confessor had exacted from Lulli the promise to burn his opera, *Achille et Polyxène*. 'What is this, Baptiste?' said the prince; 'you have allowed your opera to be thrown in the fire!'

'Peace, peace, monseigneur,' replied Lulli; 'I knew what I was about; I have a splendid copy of it.'

A short time before he died, he sang in a faltering voice a cantata he had composed, commencing *Il faut mourir pécheur!* and expired on the 2d March, at the age of fifty-three.

Madame de Sevigné, in speaking of some of Lulli's religious music, says, in one of her admirable letters, 'I don't believe there is a better music in heaven.'

It is asserted that Lulli composed the air adopted by the English as their national anthem, and in M. Deffes's little opera, entitled *Les Petits Violons du Roi*, based upon certain scenes in the life of Lulli, the overture commences with the well-known *God save the Queen*. The recitatives in Lulli's operas are sometimes admirable, and quite capable of being interpreted in a modern style; and some pieces of his music are still given to the pupils to be sung at the concerts of the Conservatoire of Paris. The poet Santeuil wrote upon Lulli's tomb a Latin verse, which may be thus rendered in English:

O Death, we have long known that thou wert blind.

In striking Lulli, thou hast proved to us that thou canst not hear.

LAST WORDS.

Is there not something very tender and suggestive, reader, in the title which heads this paper? Who will deny that an intense and sorrowful interest attaches to the last recorded utterances of all men, but more especially of all great men? Who can say what marvellous sights may not have been seen by their mortal eyes, which, so fast closing upon all earthly things, were even then entering the very presence-chamber of the Highest? It is related by the biographer of Thomas Campbell that the last sound which escaped the poet's lips on earth 'was an exclamation of surprise or joy.' Who can say, as the poet's spirit was traversing that borderland which separates life from immortality, what wondrous sights might not be dawning upon its vision?

Judging by the various recorded utterances of our great men when they lay a-dying, the subjects which occupied their last thoughts were as diverse as those which occupied their lives. Ofttimes, the last broken exclamations recorded of our great men contain dim foreshadowings of things to come; as often, however, they are merely expressive of happiness and resignation, or of despair and weariness of life. In other cases, again, we see 'the ruling passion strong in death.' We find warriors thanking God, with their last breath, that they had done their duty; and martyrs, whilst ascending the scaffold, resigning their souls to Heaven, feeling assured that their deeds would live after them, and would be their truest monument to all future time. Occasionally, too, we have men poking jokes at the grisly King of Terrors himself, and passing behind the dark curtain with a jest upon their lips! In short, we shall find the last words of our great men generally breathe out courage, wisdom, philosophy, pathos, happiness, sorrow, wit, remorse, or despair, just in the proportion which their lives exhibited these qualities.

Not a few of our great men have, of course, departed without giving utterance to any very remarkable last words, but still, generally speaking, their last recorded utterances will be found—viewed by the light in which they uttered them—to be wise, suggestive, tender, and profound.

Surely, there is something very pathetic in those

last words of Dr Adam of Edinburgh, the High School head-master: 'It grows dark, boys; you may go.' As the shades of death were fast closing around him, the master's thoughts were still with his work; and thus regarding the shades of death as but the waning twilight of the earthly day, he gave the signal of dismissal to his imaginary scholars, and was himself at the same instant 'dismissed' from work to his eternal rest! Every one knows that the two last words which Goethe uttered were truly memorable: 'Draw back the curtains,' said he, 'and let in more light.'

At the time of Humboldt's death, the sun was shining brilliantly into the room in which he was lying, and it is stated that his last words, addressed to his niece, were these: '*Wie herrlich diese Strahlen, sie schienen, die Erde, zum Himmel zu rufen!*' (How grand these rays; they seem to beckon earth to heaven!)

Sir Walter Scott, during his last illness, more than once turned to Lockhart, and exclaimed with great fervour to him: 'Be a good man, my dear.' When we recollect the character of the man who uttered them, is not there a little sermon in these words? Judge Talfourd, it will be remembered, died suddenly whilst delivering the charge to the grand jury at the Stafford assizes. The last sentence which he uttered, before his head fell forward upon his breast, is pregnant with wisdom; and from the eternal truth which it so nobly enunciates, forms a fitting conclusion to Talfourd's benevolent and useful career. 'That,' said he, 'which is wanted to bind together the bursting bonds of the different classes of this country, is not kindness, but sympathy.' And so with that last word 'sympathy' yet trembling upon his lips, poor Talfourd passed away.

Dr Johnson's last words, addressed to a young lady standing by his bedside, were: 'God bless you, my dear.' And 'God bless you! . . . Is that you, Dora?' were Wordsworth's last words.

There is a singular identity, also, between the last utterances of Mrs Hannah More and of the historian, Sir James Mackintosh, the last words of both consisted of one word, and both alike breathe the same spirit of happiness. 'Joy' was the last utterance of the former, and 'happy' that of the latter. 'I am ready' were the last words of the great actor, Charles Mathews. John Knox, about eleven o'clock on the night of his death, gave a deep sigh, and exclaimed: 'Now, it is come.' These were his last words, for in a few moments later he expired.

General Washington's last words were firm, cool, and reliant as himself. 'I am about to die,' said he, 'and I am not afraid to die.' Noble words these! There is something in them which reminds us of Addison's celebrated request to those around him 'to mark how a Christian could die.'

Etty, the great painter, quietly marked the progress of dissolution going on within his frame, and coolly moralised thereon. His last words were: 'Wonderful—wonderful, this death!' and he uttered them with perfect calmness.

Thomas Hood's last words were: 'Dying, dying;' as though, says his biographer, 'he was glad to realise the sense of rest implied in them.'

Amongst the last utterances of another great wit, Douglas Jerrold, was the reply which he made to the question 'How he felt?' Jerrold's reply was quick and terse, as his conversation always was. He felt, he said, 'as one who was waiting, and waited for.'

When we remember Charlotte Brontë's stormy and sorrowful life, lightened for only a few brief months towards its close by her marriage with her father's curate, Mr Nicholls, there is a melancholy plaintiveness in her last words. Addressing her husband, she said: 'I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us; we have been so happy.'

Poor Oliver Goldsmith's farewell words are also very plaintive. 'Is your mind at ease?' asked his doctor. 'No, it is not,' was poor Goldsmith's melancholy reply. This was the last sentence he ever uttered, and it is sorrowful, like his life.

One of Keats's latest utterances is full of a singular pathos and beauty. 'I feel,' he said on his death-bed—'I feel the flowers growing over me!' Tasso's last words—'In manus tuas Domine' (Into thy hands, O Lord, do I commit my spirit)—are eminently religious. They were uttered by him with extreme difficulty, and immediately afterwards he expired.

Napoleon's last words assuredly exhibit 'the ruling passion strong in death.' On his death-bed, he became delirious. He issued orders to his troops, and imagined that he was conducting a great battle. 'Tête d'armée' were the last words which escaped his lips.

We lately read a touching anecdote of the last moments of a great merchant. This gentleman had long been resident in China, where he had amassed a colossal fortune. He resolved at length to return to England; but whilst he was busily making final preparations for his return home, he was struck down by death. The track of his homeward voyage, so often traversed by him in spirit, was, however, so stamped upon his brain, that he died deliriously pointing out the headlands and capes which he fancied he saw on his homeward voyage. He died, too, singularly enough, just as he, in his delirium, fancied that he sighted the lights of his English home. Paschal says: 'La mort est plus aisée à supporter, sans y penser, que la pensée de la mort sans péril.' So perhaps, after all, his end was peaceful.

The son of Edmund Burke, the great statesman, was a young man of rare promise, and his early death hastened the decease of his illustrious father. It is related, that on the night of his death young Burke suddenly rose up and exclaimed: 'Is that rain? O no; it is the sound of the wind among the trees.' He then turned to his father, regarded him with a look of great affection, and then commenced to recite with deep feeling these sublime lines of Milton from Adam's Morning Hymn, which he knew to be his father's favourites:

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Blow soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.

Just as he pronounced the last word, his strength failed him; the lamp which had flickered up so grandly in its socket was quenched; he fell forward into his father's arms, and so died. Burke's grief was terrible; and he did not long survive his son. Burke's own last words are the same as those of Johnson and Wordsworth—namely, 'God bless you.'

A remarkable instance of 'the ruling passion strong in death' is to be found in the account left us of the death of Mozart, the great composer. Although Mozart was enfeebled by a fortnight's illness, still, when he felt that his last moments were approaching, he desired that the 'Requiem' (which was among the latest of his productions) should be sung around his bed by some friends of his, performers at Shickaneder's theatre. He himself sang the alto part, Schack the soprano, and Hofer the bass. Shortly afterwards he expired. This instance of the 'ruling passion,' we opine, has, in penny-a-liners' phrase, 'been rarely equalled, and never surpassed.'

Who that ever read them, can forget those noble last words which Bishop Latimer addressed to his fellow-sufferer, Bishop Ridley, when both were about to perish in the flames at Oxford? Addressing Bishop Ridley, he said: 'Be of good cheer, Brother Ridley; this day we light a candle in England which shall never be extinguished.' We question whether, if the archives of all the 'noble army of martyrs' were

to be ransacked, there could be found a record of any more memorable utterance than this.

That great man and incorrigible joker, Sir Thomas More, perished, it will be recollected, upon the scaffold. Observing, as he was ascending the scaffold, that it appeared very weak, he turned to the lieutenant, and said to him merrily: 'I pray you, Mr Lieutenant, that you see me safe up; and as for my coming down, why, let me shift for myself.' Thus speaking, passed away one of the best and bravest spirits of that age. Surely it was men like him that first won for our land the title of 'Merry England.'

King Charles II. also died with a joke upon his lips; his death had been expected for some time before it occurred, and thus many of his courtiers had been kept up all night. He apologised to those who stood round his bed for the trouble he had caused them; he had been, he said, a most unconscionable time in dying, but he hoped they would excuse it. 'This was the last glimpse,' remarks Lord Macaulay, 'of that exquisite urbanity so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation.'

There is an incident related of the death-scene of Sir Charles Napier, the great Indian warrior, which is so curious and suggestive, that (although, strictly speaking, it does not come under the category of 'last words,' since no word was spoken by Sir Charles) we cannot resist referring to it here. It appears, then, that the 22d Foot was the regiment with which Sir Charles's chief victories were achieved, and to which he was most strongly attached. Just as the old warrior's spirit was passing away, Mr M'Murdo, his son-in-law, seized the tattered, shot-torn fragments of the colours of the 22d Regiment, and waved them over the dying warrior. A grim smile of satisfaction crossed Sir Charles's face as this was being done, and thus his spirit passed away.

In Snorri Sturleson's matchless *Heimskringla*—a work whose every line should be read by all lovers of deeds of Norse daring—there is to be found an account of the last words of an old Norse hero named Thormod. This worthy had been mortally wounded by the shaft of an arrow striking him in battle. He retired to a barn, where a woman-servant tried to pull the shaft of the arrow out of his wound with the help of a pair of tongs! Not succeeding in her attempt, however, Thormod reproved the girl for her tenderness in using the tongs; took them himself, and, by main force, pulled the arrow out of the wound. Upon it there hung some morsels of flesh from his heart, some red, some white. When Thormod saw them, he said grimly: 'The king has fed us well. I am fat, even at the heart-roots.' 'And so saying,' says Sturleson, 'he leaned back and was dead.' We imagine that there can be found but few instances of last words which imply such a thorough scorn of physical pain as do these of Thormod. In the *Heimskringla*, too, there will be found an account of the last words and actions of another old Norse king. This hero, feeling that his time was at hand, and being sternly resolved not to die a natural death, ordered his war-galley to be brought out. This being done, he proceeded on board, set it on fire, and slowly drifted out to sea, chanting his war-song with his last gasp. Surely the gates of the Walhalla of the Norsemen would fly open to welcome two such heroes as this old Norse king and Thormod.

Zwingle, the great German reformer, was killed in battle in the year 1531. His last words are cool and brave. Gazing calmly, and with undaunted courage, at the blood trickling from his death-wounds, he calmly exclaimed: 'What matters this misfortune? They may indeed kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul.'

And now that we are speaking about the last words of warriors, who can fail to recollect those noble last words of our great Nelson? 'I thank God,' said he,

'that I have done my duty.' And so, with the great guns booming overhead, proclaiming the victory so dearly bought, he died.

In the year 1591, Sir Richard Grenville—the Sydney of the sea—was serving in an English fleet against Spain. They were assailed by a Spanish fleet of far superior force. After inflicting the most terrible chastisement upon the Spanish fleet—it is said that Sir Richard was engaged with no less than fifteen ships—the *Revenge* (Sir Richard's vessel) was taken, and Sir Richard Grenville himself was carried, mortally wounded, on board the Spanish admiral's ship, where he was treated with distinguished honour. But in a few days, he felt that death was at hand, and spoke these memorable words in Spanish, that all who heard him might bear witness to their fervour: 'Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and a quiet mind; for that I have ended my life, as a good soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honour: my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in duty bound to do.'

We purpose giving, as the final illustration of our subject, the last utterances of a soldier who fought in another warfare; to wit, the Venerable Bede. Bede died at Jarrow Monastery, near Newcastle, in the year 735. The account left us of his death is very striking. For a long time previous, Bede had been engaged upon a translation of St John's Gospel into the Saxon language. His work, which was to give God's word to the common people in their own tongue, was very nearly completed; but Bede's strength was ebbing fast. He sat in his chair, however, conscious still, though the shades of death were fast gathering around him. The scribe, who was writing to Bede's dictation, now hastily exclaimed to him: 'Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written.' This speech recalled Bede's fast-failing senses; gathering together all his strength, he answered: 'Write quickly; and then dictated to the scribe the last sentence of the last chapter of the Gospel according to St John. The scribe wrote it down rapidly, and then said: 'The sentence is now written.' Bede replied: 'It is well. You have said the truth. It is finished! *Consummatum est!*'

HOW TO BAIT A MAN-TRAP.

GEORGE STREET, Jewsbury, ran east and west; I say *ran*, in the past tense, for it was run up originally in so flimsy a manner that one quarter of it ran early to seed; another came down by the run; a third ran its head in the way of a railway; a fourth was selected as a fitting site for a chapel by a congregation of Ranters; and a fifth—but by some defect in its original construction it never had five quarters.

George Street, Jewsbury, then, ran east and west, and, like many other streets so situated, had a north side and a south side: the south side busy, active, abounding in shops, teeming with the life of a poor but populous London thoroughfare; the north side so dull, dark, and dirty, that you might have thought the brick and mortar blight of Chancery had settled down upon it, were it not that the broken windows were mended with paper, and that the fluttering of linen, hung out to dry from the upper stories, gave signs of habitation, which were confirmed by the occasional apparition of some frowsy woman, or unshorn coatless man, slinking out for the red herrings, beer, and dubious literature which seemed to be the sole articles for which there was any demand, and to the supply of which were dedicated the only shops on that side of the way. True, if one felt a yearning for some article besides salt-fish, fourpenny ale, or the last number of *Blood and Brains*, or the *Cannibal of Belgravia*, he might gratify that desire by merely crossing the road; but indifference or indolence

seems to prevent any one from taking advantage of this opportunity.

The reason why George Street, Jewsbury, thus resembled a paralytic who has been struck numb on one side, while the other retains its former strength and vigour, was that the north side was one of those mysterious sanctuaries which were at that time set apart for the habitation of such members of the body politic as owed their fellow-citizens money which they were unable or unwilling to pay, but who were safe from arrest while they remained within the appointed limits, though they could not venture a yard beyond without becoming immediately engaged in a game of prisoners' base with the bailiffs; except, of course, on Sunday morning, when the entire insolvent population swarmed out to spend the day, let us hope, in devotional exercises, returning at dewy eve within the boundaries, where alone they were safe from their hook-nosed adversaries.

Of course, the houses in this street-side of refuge did not all bear an exactly similar aspect, as you could not expect the high-spirited young gentleman, or the enterprising merchant—men who owed their twenty or thirty thousand pounds—to put up with the accommodation which was good enough for the pitiful fellow who was pursued for some paltry couple of hundreds. There were lodgings with thick carpets, silk hangings, sofas, pianos, mirrors, all of an elegant and expensive description, the dwellers in which beguiled the time with cigars, claret, novels, and whist; and there were chambers with perhaps a rickety table, a broken chair, a cracked ewer, and a straw mattress for their only furniture, whose occupants found it difficult, in such a restricted labour-market, to earn bread enough to keep body and soul together. From one of the most comfortable of the former class of these nooks, Tom Merryweather defied his commercial enemies, and his particular hole was watched more carefully than any other in the warren. Numberless were the snares set for him, ingenious the devices practised to draw him out, and sharp the biped terriers kept ever on the watch to snap him up should any of these be successful; but the legal sportsmen were debarred from the use of ferrets, and Tom would not *bolt*—much to the chagrin of some score detainees, and the sons of Israel, their servants, for the skin of their quarry was worth having.

Tom Merryweather was a young man who had a perfect talent for spending money; he would always manage somehow to give twice as much as anybody else for everything he bought. Set him down gloveless, watchless, or hungry, in the midst of a strange city, and if there were any tradesmen famous for the exorbitance of their charges, to their shops would he instinctively turn. None of us can keep horses or lend money without a certain amount of risk, but Merryweather's friends *never* repaid him, and his hundred-guinea horses *always* had to be sold for twenty pounds six months afterwards. He commenced his career at Oxford, where he had contrived to spend the thousand pounds set apart for the local expenses of his whole college career in his first term. His terrified guardians, thinking he must have got into a very extravagant 'set,' transferred him to Cambridge, but the tradesmen there plucked him (he did not give the examiners a chance) as skillfully as their fellow-poulterers at the sister-university. From *alma mater*, he took himself and his leaky purse into the —th Foot, where he became so involved that his colonel advised an exchange into some regiment in India. Tom, always open to good advice, looked about him, and, in fact, effected, at great cost, an exchange into a crack light-cavalry corps then in Bengal, but which returned to England three months after he had joined. At last, obliged to sell out, he set up as an idle man, and soon found that to be the most expensive profession of all. Tom Merryweather, however, was not devoid of principle; indeed, he was free from the great vice

of the extravagant, and though *sui profusus*, he was not *alieni appetens*: he never applied for help to his friends, and all the eloquence of the entire tribe of Judah could not induce him to raise money on post obits. By a recourse to either of these expedients, he might have freed himself from his present difficulties, and that was why his creditors were so anxious to try whether the moral atmosphere of a jail would not enable him to see matters from a point of view more conducive to his, or, at all events, to *their* interests.

On the south or unparalysed side of the street, and immediately opposite Tom Merryweather's lodgings, stood the shop of Jonas Mumps, 'hairdresser and perfumer,' as he advertised himself; and certainly, had you sat in his shop for ten minutes you would have carried for a week afterwards a fine perfume in your hair and clothes—of tobacco. He likewise retailed beer. O why, why is there not a Bond Street Jonas Mumps—an artist to start an aristocratic *salon* where the patient whose *cheveux* are being *coupés* might soothe his nerves with the fragrance of a long chibouque, might moisten his fevered lips with reviving coffee or cool sherbet? Surely the age which has given us chloroform, that we may bear the more serious sufferings inflicted by the surgeon's knife, might provide a gentle solace for a minor operation—a minor operation, but a more frequent one; we only indulge in having a limb amputated or a backbone extracted now and then, while the hair is, or ought to be, cut twice a month.

Now, there was everything at the establishment in George Street to comb the *habitués* under the manifold afflictions of comb-scratched heads, brushed ears, and the irritation arising to necks and backs by the insertion of insidious hair-clippings between shirt and skin. You might, while awaiting your turn, sit with pot, pipe, and paper in an inner room, and watch through the ever-open door how the shearing was progressing; or extend your gaze through the shop-window, in which there were but few articles to obstruct your view of the people passing through the street; or raising your eyes to the drawing-room floor of the house opposite, might observe how bright the windows, how white the curtains appeared in contrast with those above, below, beside them. Then, your turn for execution arriving, you were subjected to the dreadful *toilet*, and were placed in the fatal chair, but, consolation of consolations, without relinquishing your pipe!

Had you been so situated on a certain afternoon in dashteen hundred and dashty dash, you might have been entertained by the conversation of two bailiffs who sat in the inner room discussing porter, tobacco, and the debtor opposite. One was a Jew, the other a — How reprehensibly careless we are in the use of terms; I had well-nigh written—a Christian! meaning thereby that he had a button, not a hawk's beak in the middle of his face; that his eyes were green, his hair red, and his general appearance Saxon rather than Asiatic.

'I twigs the winders all right, Moss,' said he, in reference to previous conversation: 'it's the cove hisself as I wants to set eyes on.'

'Well, then, you've your usual luck, Tim, my poy, for there he is just a-coming to the middle winder to 'ave a look over at us. Pless yer, he knows as there's a new un put on him, by instinct he do.'

'Well, but which is he? There's two of 'em.'

'Why, the proad tall one, to pe shure, with the plack hair and moustache.'

Tim the Gentile sat gazing on his quarry for about a minute in silence, then turning round and relighting his pipe, said to Moses the Jew: 'I'd know him now when he'd been dead a fortnight. The next thing is how to nab him.'

'Ah!' replied the Jew, shaking his head, 'that is just what peat Penjamin, and he's no fool, Pen isn't.'

'What games have you tried?'

'All, my tear. Pen hired himself as a waiter at the inn at Richmond where *he*'—indicating Tom Merryweather with a jerk of his head—'always times of a Suntay, and tried to trug his liquor; put *he* twiggid it, pless yer. "Why, there's lortnum in this port!" says he; and Pen had to run for it.'

'Did you try the dying friend's message lay?'

'Pless you, yes; but he was not to be took; not even when his young woman' (alas! that Lady Arabella should have been thus designated) 'sent him word that she was a-waiting at the corner of the next street in a chaise and four to polt off with him to France and marry him right off.'

'Bah!' exclaimed the Gentile in a tone depreciatory of the strategical talent of him whom he had superseded; 'Ben is not up to the ways of the nob; he is very well in his line is Ben, but low, dashed low. What's up?'

There was nothing up, only a poor little boy down, knocked over by the cart of a drunken baker; but this was quite enough to create a disturbance in the street, which drew the bailiffs to the shop-door. A glance shewed Tim what had happened; and then his whole attention was riveted on Tom Merryweather, who had seen the accident, and was much excited thereby. He rushed down stairs, and out on the pavement, swore at the baker, soothed the child, who had been lifted up and carried to the safe side of the way, and finally engaged a hackney-carriage to take the poor little fellow to the nearest hospital.

'Hum!' reflected the Gentile bailiff, retracing his steps to the parlour—'tender-arsed.'

His next proceedings were a little eccentric; he filled and lit a clean pipe, took a chair into a corner of the room, and straddled down upon it, resting his arms on the back, and facing the wall.

For full twenty minutes did the Gentile sit reflective in the corner, with his back to the universe, puffing out volumes of smoke at regular intervals, like a quiet steam-engine. At the end of that time, he blew up, sending the chair one way, and the pipe another.

'Got it?' inquired Moses.

'Beer,' said Tim; and his companion handed him the pot, which he took with thoughtful yet kindly nod.

'Luck,' said he, and drained the pewter bowl.

'To you think it will to?' said the Jew after a pause.

But the other only asked: 'Is there any one in the shop?'

'Jonas.'

'Let us have him in. Hi, Jonas!'

'What's up?' asked the barber, entering the back-parlour.

'Come and sit down, like a good feller; I want to ask yer something. Look here: don't you go over the way to shave Mr Merryweather every morning?'

'Yes,' replied Jonas.

'About what time?'

'Oh, different times—one day about ten, another not afore twelve. He comes to his sitting-room window, and beckons me over when he is ready for me.'

'But suppose you have customers in here?'

'I never have, except of a Sunday. On week-days, I get my shaving done by eight, and the hair-cutting never begins till twelve.'

'But people come in for baccy or beer?'

'Not one in a fortnight afore the artemnoon. No; I sits here all the morning alone, dressing my wigs, and keeping a eye on Mr Merryweather's window.'

'Then he can see you in this back-parlour from the other side of the way?'

'Bless you, yes, as plain as — But I say, you know, what are you a-pumping me for?'

'Well, I'm after this here Merryweather; and I'm a-thinking that if you liked to help me'—Jonas looked indignant—'I could put a fiver in your pocket.'

Jonas was shaken, but he kept up appearances.

'What!' said he, 'a customer?'

'It would be a long time before you made five pounds out of him.'

'But my feelings: he has been a good friend to me, has Merryweather.'

'Ah, to be sure, your feelings: well, suppose we say guineas.'

'Well, certainly,' said Jonas, scratching his nose with his comb, 'the money he lent me was not his own, and if I had not had it, I should have been sold up, and he would not have had any one to shave him; so that it was as much for his convenience as mine he let me have it. And a man ought to pay his debts; and I, as a tradesman, has some feeling as to what is due to my fellow-tradesmen. What, now, should I have to do?'

'Hang yourself.'

'What!' shrieked the barber, springing a yard backwards.

'You has very low spirits at times,' continued the bailiff; 'they attacks you to-morrow very bad. You does nothing but sigh and groan while shaving Merryweather; you hints how you'd like to use the razor on your own throat. If he asks you what's the matter, you tell him business is bad, you can't pay your way, and that. Next morning, that is, the day after to-morrow, you fastens a rope to—let me see—ah, to that hook in the ceiling there; you gets on the table, puts your neck through a noose at the other end, and when you can see that Merryweather is watching you, you swings yourself off.'

'Ah, ah, capital, capital!' cried Moses, dancing about in a perfect ecstasy: 'it is nuts to work with you, Tim, 'pon my should it is, nuts!'

'It is all very well for you to laugh,' cried the barber; 'but it's not to be done at the price. Hang myself! it's not likely!'

'Yah! man, as if yer could not manage to get yer legs back on the table again directly! Besides which, there will be a hundred people in the shop to cut you down in half a minute.'

'Yes, and the beak will give me a fortnight for assaulting myself! It's not to be done for the money, I say.'

'Well, then, say a tenner.'

'No; I'll do it for twenty pund, not a farthing over, and that's my last word.'

But they finally settled for fifteen.

The plot was successful. On the morning agreed on, Tom Merryweather, as kindhearted a fellow as ever had concave bumps of order, caution, and economy, on going to his sitting-room window according to custom, saw the man upon whom he depended for his morning shave and gossip, and for whom he had conceived the idle, unthinking sort of attachment which he was apt to have for all those who ministered to his comfort or amusement, in the most uncomfortable and unromantic position, but one, that a man can be placed in. The exceptional case is that of one who has been impaled, a mode of death to which suicides but rarely have recourse; and yet people say that nothing is so bad as a state of suspense, and that was Jonas Mump's state now.

'By Jove!' cried Tom Merryweather, flinging up the window, 'it can't be; he must be trying some gymnastic trick. But no, the rope is round his neck safe enough, though he *has* grasped it higher up. Ah, there he is, trying to get his feet on the table; yes, no, he has kicked it over in his efforts. Gad, but the man will be hung!' And forgetful of debts, prisons, and bailiffs, Tom dashed down the stairs, across the road, into the—

'At Bambury's shut,' said Moses, giving him that tap on the shoulder: the mysterious touch, possessing magnetic qualities, which you and I, who live within our incomes, cannot understand; which causes the Guardsman, whose nerves Inkermann could not shake,

to blench, and makes the face of the Balaklava-hardened hussar turn pale.

Tom Merryweather was as cool as most men, and well knew the folly and uselessness of offering an undignified resistance to a legal arrest; but that light tap had staggered him. Irritation at being at last outwitted, the nuisance of having to go to prison, and, worst of all, the treachery of the barber, caused him to lose his head. Away he sprang, Moses after him, and dashed across the road, but the wily Gentile had stopped his earth. Then down the street, the Jew sticking to his skirts, an ever-increasing crowd of men, boys, and dogs joining in the pursuit. The race did not last long. Before he had gone a couple of hundred yards, Tom saw the exceeding uselessness of his present proceeding, and stopped, hailing at the same time a hackney-coach, into which he darted, followed by the Jew. In half a minute the Gentile joined them, and they drove off comfortably to limbo.

'It was not a bad trick!' said Tom Merryweather, as, seated in his new lodgings in the Marshalsea, he affably helped his captors to punch.

'Pless me!' cried the Jew, suddenly jumping up, 'the parper!'

'What's the matter?' asked the Gentile.

'We forgot to cut him town!'

'Oh, he's all right—he could get back to the table after swinging off; he practised it with me last night.'

'Not he!' exclaimed Tom; 'I saw him kick the table over.'

'Phew!' whistled the Gentile; 'then, unless some of the crowd saw him'—

—But none of the crowd *had* seen him, they were too much engrossed by the pursuit and capture of Tom; and when, an hour afterwards, a customer came to have his hair cut, it was considerably too late.

Well, well, if every disciple of Judas came to his great master's end, I do not think I should go into mourning—should you?

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Royal Horticultural Society, while occupying themselves with beautifying the surface of their grounds, have been probing beneath, for a very important purpose—a supply of water. Of course they want a large supply, and it was thought that to bore an artesian-well would be more economical than a perpetual rent to a water-company. On the other hand, the risk was great, for the water when got might not be suitable for horticultural purposes. However, Messrs Easton and Amos, the hydraulic engineers, undertook to bore for water on the condition that they were only to be paid if successful. They expected to find, at a depth of 400 feet, a supply of 75 gallons a minute. Their offer was accepted; and we read in the February number of the *Proceedings* of the Society, that the well is complete and surprisingly successful. The quantity of water anticipated was about 110,000 gallons in the twenty-four hours; but the yield is so abundant, that, with proper pumps and engines, a million gallons may be raised if required. Indeed, the supply is inexhaustible, for, by a fortunate chance, the boring has struck a subterranean stream deep down in the chalk. The entire depth is 401 feet: when the boring was in progress, after the tool had descended below 390 feet, it suddenly dropped and fell several feet; that is, the crown of the fissure having been pierced, the borer plunged through the water to the bottom. A similar

instance of good-luck occurred once before to the same firm when sinking the well in Trafalgar Square in 1844. The stream in that locality, after forty-eight hours' pumping of 100 gallons a minute, was lowered 4 feet, about which level it has ever since remained, varying with the season. But the horticultural well was lowered 16 inches only with the same amount of pumping; hence it may be concluded that the stream which feeds it is much larger than the other. Should the Horticultural Society fail to prosper with their flowers, they may prosper with their water, for it would bring them a gross annual income of £7500. We observe that a hoarding is put up round one of the Trafalgar Square fountains; is it a sign that at last the jets are going to be made ornamental? We hope so.

A year ago, we noticed the experiments made by the Professor of Botany at Oxford 'on the power ascribed to the roots of plants of rejecting poisonous or abnormal substances presented to them.' In those experiments the ingredients were applied in a liquid form after the plants had grown, but no absorption by the roots took place. Not satisfied with this negative result, Dr Daubeny has since repeated the experiments under different conditions: he introduced the 'abnormal substances' into the soil before sowing the seed. The substances in question were the earths of strontia and baryta in combination with nitric acid and arsenic acid; and to quote Dr Daubeny's communication to the Chemical Society, 'the crops tried were, as on the former occasion, barley and turnips, and in neither of the two did any very marked difference appear in the quantity of the crops obtained. If anything, the advantage seemed to be rather on the side of those portions of the field which had been treated with the substances above mentioned. In no one of the six cases, three being the samples of turnips tried with arsenic, baryta, and strontia, and three, those of barley treated with the same, did any indications of the poisonous or abnormal ingredient which had been introduced into the soil, manifest themselves in the resulting crop.' Dr Daubeny considers these results as all but conclusive, seeing that the roots could hardly fail to come into contact with the poison; but it is questionable whether larger doses of the poison mixed with the soil might not produce an effect by interfering with the growth, if not by killing the plant. The question is interesting, and it would be very satisfactory to know that food-crops could not be made hurtful by poisoning the ground in which they grew.

In a paper read before the Royal Society, Professor J. Tyndall has given a further account of his researches into a question which has occupied him for some years—namely, the absorption and radiation of heat by gases and vapours. In his former paper, he shewed that, among solid bodies, rock-salt is the most diathermanous; that is, of 100 heat-rays which fall upon it, 92 will pass through; while alum, allowing only 12 to pass, is the least diathermanous. Of the gases, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen absorb less than 1 per cent. of the heat-rays, but olefiant gas, which is perfectly invisible in a glass receiver, absorbs 81 per cent., while the vapour of sulphuric ether absorbs or intercepts ten times as much as olefiant gas. As a rule, the absorbing power increases with the density. Perfumes also intercept heat; common air absorbs in as small a degree as oxygen; pachouli, 30 times as much; lavender, 60; rosemary, 74; and aniseed, 372 times: from which fact Professor Tyndall infers that the perfume floating above flower-beds absorbs the sun's rays with no little energy. Ordinary aqueous vapour is another energetic absorbent, 15 times more powerful than the air in which it floats; and as the quantity of aqueous vapour is in some seasons 60 times that of the atmosphere, it forms a screen which keeps in the heat-rays that have fallen on the earth. Hence there appears reason to believe that by some such means a

genial temperature may be maintained even in the most distant planet.

The *Proceedings* of the Asiatic Society of Bengal contain some particulars concerning a fall of meteorites accompanied by unusual phenomena. One which fell at Gegowlee, in May 1861, at noon on a clear day, was attended by an explosion so loud that it was heard at a distance of sixty miles. Another that came down at the village of Peerprasee, having some fancied resemblance to the figure of one of their deities, was worshipped by the natives as Siva or Mahadeo. Fragments in other places have been treated with similar devotion, so that the English resident was unable to get specimens for museums in Europe. The locality of these falls may be identified on the map as lying west of Mudbunce, a large village on the river Gunduck. The fall of an enormous mass at Dhurmasala, in August last, has given rise to scientific discussion and correspondence; for one of the largest pieces, weighing four maunds (300 pounds), which was examined immediately after it fell, was found to be icy cold; 'so cold,' states the report, 'that the men had to drop the fragments instantly, their fingers being benumbed by the intensity of the cold.' Specimens of this meteorite have been forwarded to the Society's Museum at Calcutta, to the British Museum, and to the Mineralogical Museum at Vienna, where they will be carefully investigated by the celebrated Haidinger.—At one of the meetings of the same Society, a member exhibited a series of specimens of soil from the bed of the Hooghly, with, as it appears to us, an ingenious purpose. This river, as some readers know, is much less navigable than formerly, the accumulation of silt having diminished the depth of water to such an extent that fears have been entertained of keeping open the port of Calcutta. From this fact the exhibition above mentioned acquires importance, for if, by a microscopical examination of the specimens, and geological analogy, the source or original *locus* of the different kinds of detritus can be determined, some light may be thrown on the question involved in the deterioration of the river, and some suggestion may occur as to preventive measures. It is worthy of remark that the specimens exhibited differed essentially from each other. There is certainly something novel in this mode of attempting to discover whence and how the channel of a great river becomes silted up.

We are informed by a citizen of the United States, that the sinking of the 'stone fleet' in two of the principal channels leading to Charleston harbour, is not only not destructive, but a highly beneficent proceeding; for American naval officers have long been urging upon their government that the only way to make the harbour of Charleston good and easily accessible, would be to close all the channels except the Swash, which is the most direct; but the government could not undertake the work because other states would not vote money to improve South Carolina. They have therefore taken advantage of the war excitement to accomplish that which they could not do while at peace; as we hear, the results are already apparent; the stronger current has scoured the Swash some four feet deeper than it was, and will, it is thought, scour it out to a depth of twenty feet.

The United Service Institution is increasing materially in usefulness; by the publication of its *Journal*, containing valuable papers which we have occasionally noticed, officers residing abroad are kept informed of all important additions to naval and military science; the Museum attached to the Institution is enriched with many new objects from India, room having been made for them by the sale of Indian and Chinese curiosities not strictly professional; among the new models now open to view are, a fort constructed by the Royal Engineers, illustrating the attack and defence of a fortified town, and the battle of Trafalgar.

The latter is placed on a table made of oak from Nelson's ship the *Victory*.

Turning to the last published number of the *Journal* of the Institution, we find among the subjects treated of, *Military Draving, Rotatory Storms, Camps of Exercise, Sails of Steam-vessels*, and so forth. The author of the paper last mentioned is Mr Cunningham of the royal navy, who, some years ago, concealed himself behind a crane in Southampton docks, to escape the jibes and sneers of the bystanders who were watching the first trial of his method for reefing topsails from the deck. That method is, however, now widely adopted; and having observed the great vibration that takes place in the upper masts and rigging of screw-steamers, and the severe strain occasioned to the hull by the heavy weight aloft when rolling, Mr Cunningham has invented a new system of rigging, which diminishes the upper weight by about one-half, reduces the number of sails, has no yards to hinder the vessel's progress when steaming head to wind, and yet with all this improves the sailing qualities. It would not be easy to convey a description of the method without diagrams; but its chief peculiarities are, a preponderance of what sailors call fore and aft sails, and square-sail yards in two pieces, which, when the wind is ahead, range behind the masts out of the way. The experiments now making on two vessels at Portsmouth by order of the Admiralty, will, it is thought, determine the question whether or not there shall be an entire change in the rigging of screw-steamers.

By the enterprising endeavours of Baron von der Decken, and Mr R. Thornton, a somewhat vexed question in African geography has been set at rest; namely, that of the existence of the Snowy Mountains. A letter has been received from the two travellers above named, dated Zanzibar, November 12, 1861, in which they describe their journey from the coast to Mombas, in the interior, and from Mombas to Mount Kilimanjaro, which is 21,000 feet high, and is, as may be expected, covered with perpetual snow. The travellers made a survey of their route by running a line of triangles from day to day, and if their measurements are accurate, the lower limit of the snow is at a height of 18,000 feet. They spent nineteen days in attempts at the ascent, but owing to the numerous natural difficulties, could not get higher than 8000 feet. But now that the mountain is known to be a 'great fact,' we doubt not that the Geographical Society will be entertained from time to time with accounts from adventurous explorers ambitious of reaching the summit. This discovery is the more satisfactory, as it confirms the narrative of the German missionaries, Krapf, Rebmann, and Ehardt, who commenced their journeys in 1847, and went three times within sight of Kilimanjaro. The baron and his companion were the first Europeans to reach Lake Zipe, which is from twenty-five to thirty miles in length, two in width, and sends out a river, the Pangani. Hence we have another proof of the well-watered condition of Eastern Africa. Mr Thornton was formerly one of Dr Livingstone's party, but through some disagreement he separated from them, and joined the baron. It may be that we shall get information concerning the same region from the doctor himself, or from Mr Consul Petherick, or Captain Speke.

By information communicated to the Geographical Society, we learn that a new settlement has been successfully established at Port Denison, in Queensland. Thus the European population is extending northwards, and it appears that application has been made for permission to occupy a pastoral territory larger than England and Wales, lying north of the settlement in question, and reaching to within 300 miles of the Gulf of Carpentaria. At this rate, we shall hear before many years of lines of steamers from the Gulf to India and the Eastern Archipelago.

Mr Hood, a member of the legislative council of Queensland, communicates a fact which—if it turn out to be a fact—will prove especially interesting to naturalists. After stating that remains of a fossil lizard had been sent from New Zealand to Professor Owen, he proceeds: 'There is said to be a possibility that the British Museum may still be adorned by a *Dinornis*; for, as is stated, a surveyor's party saw the footstep of a gigantic bird, fourteen inches long and eleven wide on the spread, which had been impressed during the night over the tracks of the men made on the previous day. As the wingless birds in New Zealand are nocturnal in their habits, and as the district is exceedingly rocky, and full of caves, it is just possible that a surviving individual may there find its hiding-places. Exertions are making to ascertain the truth of the report, and if correct, thoroughly to search the wild and unsettled districts which the bird is said to haunt.'

Captain Crozier, who commanded the *Terror* in Sir James Ross's adventurous exploration of the antarctic seas, and who accompanied Sir John Franklin in his last fatal expedition to the north, is to be commemorated in his native town of Banbridge, Ireland, by a colossal statue mounted on a pedestal, which will be embellished with appropriate arctic emblems around the base.

AN INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Come quickly, O thou Spring!
Write Love's fair alphabet upon the sod
In many-coloured flowers—to preach of God,
Our everlasting King!

Come from the rosy South,
In chariot of incense and of light,
Dissolve the lingering snows that glisten white
Beneath thy fragrant mouth.

Walk softly o'er the Earth,
Thou blessed Spirit of the Eden-time;
Thy breath is like an incense-laden clime,
Clasping rich bowers of mirth.

Thy virgin herald's here—
The snow-drop bares her bosom to the gale,
While down her cheek, so delicately pale,
Trickles a crystal tear.

The lark now soars above,
As if he felt thy freedom on his wings,
While from his heaven-attuned throat there rings
A charming peal of love.

The yet unbearded wheat
Now timidly puts forth its tender leaf
To drink sweet dews, for Winter, ancient chief,
Crawls off with tott'ring feet.

Your sorrows now inter,
Ye dwellers in dark cities; Spring is nigh;
She bathes her garments in a sunset sky,
And treads the halls of Myrrh.

To God, an anthem sing,
When forth ye hurry to the fields of bloom;
He lights the flowers, and lifts us from the tomb,
To everlasting Spring!

J. E.

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